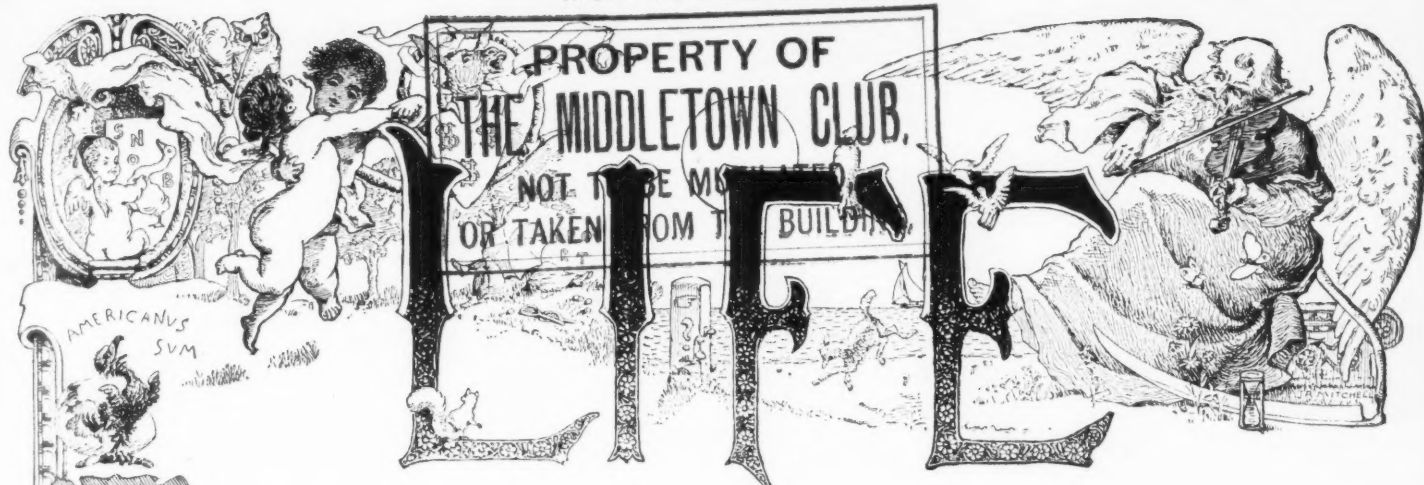


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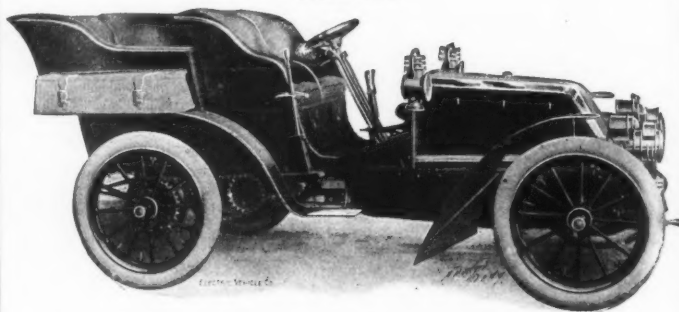
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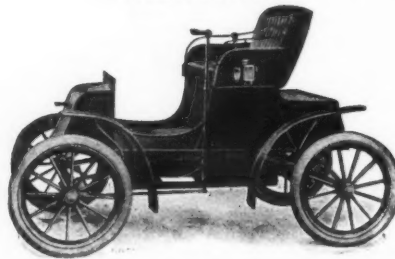


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# LIFE



TOTAL STRANGERS.

## A Feather Fancy.

BENEATH dusk coils of ostrich plume  
Her hair has all the glint and gloom  
Of some dim Oriental room  
Half firelight lighted ;  
Her brows display a Cupid-curve ;  
Her nose is flawless without swerve ;  
Her chin shows winsomeness and verve  
And mirth united.

Her wide and wondrous eyes,—ah, me,  
What wells they are of witchery !  
I can but marvel what they see,  
With gaze unbroken ;  
Is it some lover, heart-preferred,  
For whom her lips seem faintly stirred,—  
A-tremble with Love's perfect word,  
A "yes," low spoken ?

Dear dream of maiden loveliness,  
Could I but think that poised "yes"  
Were meant to ease my heart-distress,  
All grief were ended !  
For what consistent bachelor  
A greater joy could hunger for  
Than just to pose as conqueror,  
And your intended !

Clinton Scollard.

HUSBAND: Where do you want  
to go on a vacation ?

WIFE: Oh, anywhere that's expensive  
and restless.

## Saved.

"YOU are in my power."  
Bertram Callow, polished villain that he was, as he spoke flourished  
in his hand a paper.

"Your lover," he sneered, "can do  
nothing. He is but a humble dry  
goods clerk on thirteen dollars a week,  
while I hold in my hand the mortgage  
on your father's coal-bin. You must  
marry me before midnight or I will  
foreclose."

Sibyl clutched her hands nervously  
in her peroxide hair. She had only a  
moment to spare, as the Split Sisters  
were waiting to come and do their  
famous act. Assuming an air of care-  
less abandon, she said gaily: "Why,  
certainly, dear. It will be all right."

Approaching the sideboard, by a dex-  
trous movement of her hand she threw  
several grains of predigested break-  
fast food into a glass and filled it with  
Scotch.

"Drink my health," she said, with a  
bright smile.

In sixty seconds more, as the villain  
writhed on the floor, her lover stole in.

"Quick, Jack, the paper!" she  
cried.

Thus virtue triumphed.







"While there is Life there's Hope."

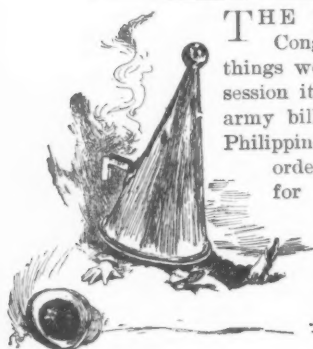
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THE Fifty-Seventh Congress did some things well. In its last session it passed a good army bill, and put the Philippine currency in order. It provided for the new ships which we are told are indispensable to our comfort as defenders of the American hemisphere. Its saddest omission was its failure to modify the Philippine tariff. There is great distress in the Philippines, and a modification of our tariff which would promote trade between us and those islands was part of Governor Taft's plan of relief. But it failed. Legislative assemblies are like corporations in that it is hard to locate their souls. But there were good omissions as well as bad. Quay's Statehood bill failed, and we escaped having two more unfit States added to the Union. Senator Morgan succeeded in holding over the Panama Canal treaty for the consideration of the new Senate, but at this writing the probabilities are that the treaty will be ratified, and possibly the meritorious reciprocity treaty with Cuba will also pull through. We have got along for a century without a Panama Canal, and can doubtless rub along without it for some time longer, but the canal seems due, and here's hoping that Uncle Sam will get Senator Morgan's consent to build it. It is a huge undertaking, and it will be vastly in-

teresting to watch our Uncle's coat come off and his back bend to the effort to put it through



MR. ADDICKS is not to go at present either to the Senate or to jail. By an agreement between the Republicans and the Addicks bondmen in Delaware, two new Senators have been chosen—Dr. Ball to represent Delaware, and Mr. Allee to represent Addicks. Mr. Allee has long been Mr. Addicks's leading hired man in Delaware, and the manager of his protracted attempt on the Senatorship. It is disgraceful that a Senatorship should be the reward of such work as he has done, but after all, it is not his Senatorship, but Addicks's, and he holds it as Addicks's proxy. Public sentiment about the compromise for which Allee and Dr. Ball stand is mixed. Addicks is not yet in the Senate, and that is important, but it is feared that the fight against him has been weakened by the compromise, and that when Dr. Ball's term expires it may be impossible to prevent the gasman from succeeding him. The pity is that it should be merely a question of how long it is possible to keep Addicks out of the Senate, and not, as it should be, a question of how long it will be possible for Addicks to keep out of jail. No State has ever before been debauched as he has debauched Delaware, but for all that appears Addicks may defy decency and incite dishonesty for years to come and go still at large.

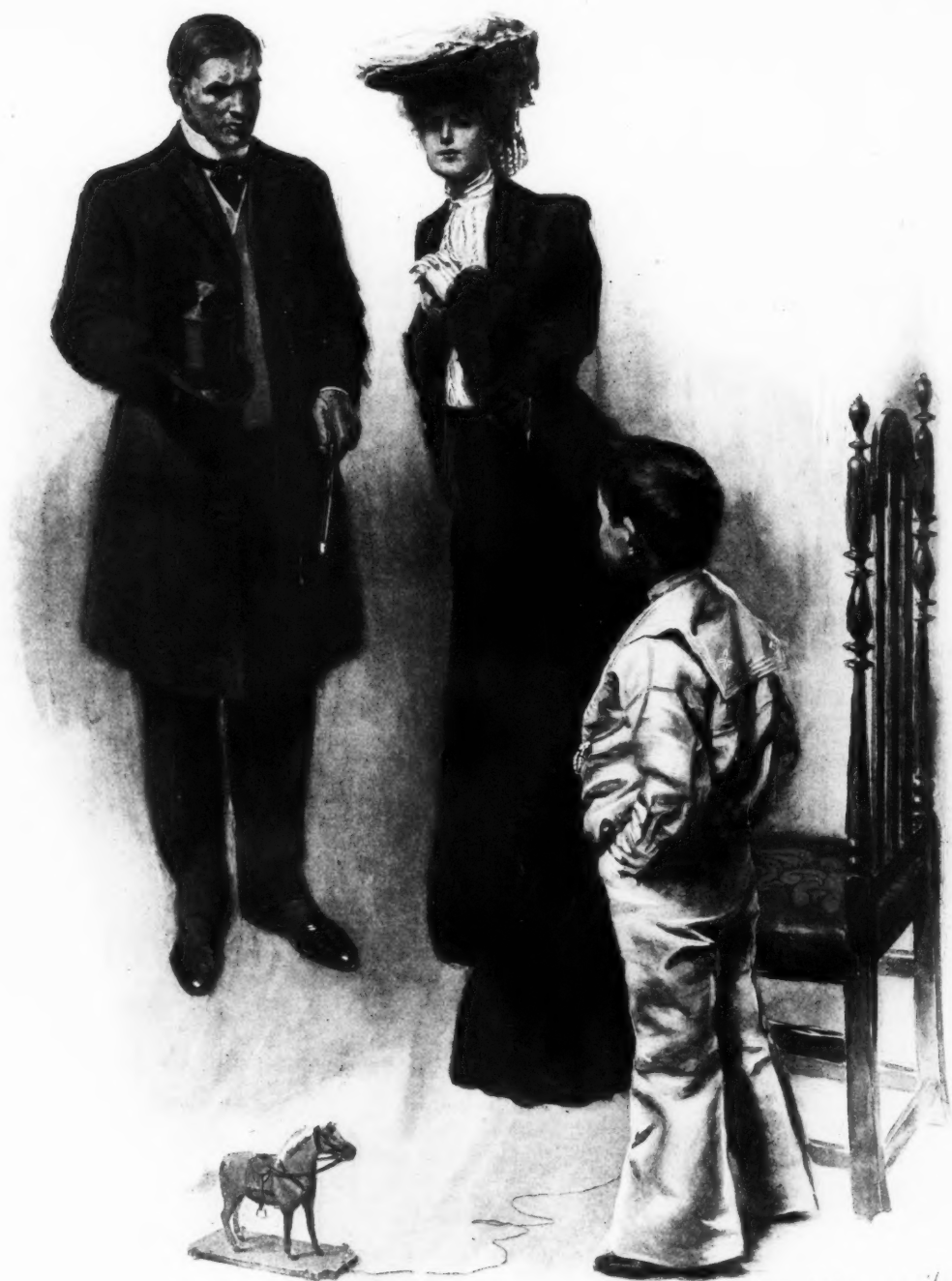


MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has gone to California to meet the spring. His health is no longer as robust as it was, and he pays more attention to recreation than he did in early life. He was almost incessantly busy then; that has long been known, but a great deal of interesting light is being thrown on the aim and scope of his early activities by Miss Tarbell's history of the Standard Oil Company which is running as a serial

story in *McClure's Magazine*. It is a mighty interesting story, and Mr. Rockefeller is the hero of it. Possibly Mr. Hornung, the biographer of Ruggles, might have done Mr. Rockefeller fuller justice than Miss Tarbell has, but she has done exceedingly well, and a great company of readers are obliged to her. For really Mr. Rockefeller is worth knowing about. He is an extraordinary character: a truly Napoleonic trader. If it were polite to call a benevolent elderly gentleman of Baptist proclivities a monster, the temptation would be strong to apply that word to him. It would not be an epithet, but merely a definition. A monster is something that seems human and isn't. Mr. Rockefeller seems human. His likeness is the likeness of a man; his portrait by Mr. Eastman Johnson shows him good-looking and not without distinction. But as one reads of his career, of his extraordinary acquisitiveness, and the craft, remorselessness and indomitable persistence of it, the impression strengthens in the mind that there is something unhuman about him. Inhuman one would not call him, for he has no malice and has never been needlessly cruel. Superhuman one would hesitate to call him, for that implies qualities which he has not manifested. Unhuman he somehow does appear; mighty, extraordinary, defective; a man whose life seems one long disease—a monstrous, insatiable hunger for money. It is sad to be the slave of an appetite, even though it leaves one's head clear and his brains active, but the slave of his money-hunger Mr. Rockefeller seems to have been.

Oh, well! Our judgments of men are only guesses, after all, and our estimates of living men are especially liable to err. Possibly it is wiser merely to wonder at Mr. Rockefeller, and leave it to the future historian to weigh and analyze his character. The trouble is that he has worked so much by pipe-lines and other underground methods, and has been so retiring and advertised so little, that the future historian may not recognize him as a profitable subject for investigation. But the material Miss Tarbell has gathered helps, at least, to avert the chance of his being neglected.





F.K. HANNA UR-  
1903

"MOTHER WILL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE."

"WHY, THE MAID SAID YOUR MOTHER WASN'T AT HOME."

"THEN WON'T YOU PLEASE GO? IT WILL SAVE ME A GOOD LICKING."



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KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON'S novel, *The Circle*, is conceived on lines at once artistically simple and strongly dramatic. There are but four characters fully developed, but they are drawn with breadth and sureness, enlist sympathy from the first and hold interest to the end. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

The critical biography of *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Professor George E. Woodberry, is disappointing. It is careful and painstaking as to the biography and plodding as to the analysis. It utterly lacks the subtle necromancy with which, for instance, Sir Leslie Stephen has materialized for us the spirit of George Eliot. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.10.)

This is not a sentimental age, and one meets few stories based on sentiment which do not ring false—be the rift in ourselves or in the writer. *That Dear Old Scord*, a pretty child's story by Nettie Gray Daingerfield, is one of the exceptions. (Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va.)

*The American Republic and Its Govern-*

ment, by James Albert Woodburn, is a work of decided importance and one which has been much needed. Of perfunctory constitutional histories there are enough and to spare. And there is always Bryce. But the middle ground is unoccupied, and Mr. Woodburn fills it with a work of admirable quality. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Historical romance for young beginners is supplied by Beulah Marie Dix in *A Little Captive Lad*, a story of Cromwell's time in England and Holland. The story is very childish and the language very grown up, but the young are precocious these days and may like it. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Henry A. Shute's *Real Diary of a Real Boy* is a tag end of the Magic Carpet. Open its pages and, presto! the years fall away and we are ten again. Don't let us ask how much of it Mr. Shute wrote in the '60's and how much last year. Enough that it has the Magic Carpet's powers. (The Everett Press, Boston.)

An edition of James Jeffrey Roche's amusing skit, *Her Majesty the King, a Romance of the Harem*, with illustrations by Oliver Herford, should find many new readers. The little volume has the grave style of an Oriental manuscript, the plot of a comic opera, and a full share of wit withal. (A. H. Russell. \$1.50.)

*Hints to Golfers*, by "Niblick," attempts to give the Why of Golf methods as well as the How. It is semi-scientific in its treatment, and its theories and advice are elucidated by excellent diagrams. (Niblick, P. O. Box 1579, Boston.)

Charles H. E. Brookfield's *Random Reminiscences* is a large, light, handsome book of light stories. The author is a son of the Mrs. Brookfield who was so great a friend of Thackeray. He was an actor. He says in the preface, "I am not aware that I have included in this volume anything of importance." He has not, but he has made an unimportant, entertaining book that it is easier to read than to stop reading. Some of his stories are not quite advantageous to himself, but none of them is tedious. (Edward Arnold, London. Longmans, Green and Company, New York.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

"TOO bad about the Goldslathers.  
They haven't a home."  
"Where do they live?"  
"In a million-dollar marble palace."



*The First Janitor:* HEY THERE, YOU!  
NO CHILDREN ALLOWED IN THIS TREE!

ALICE IN MARCH.



AS the 17th of March fell on a Tuesday, Alice decided to go for a walk. The blustering March wind (why are March winds always said to bluster?) was so chill, that Alice wrapped her long fur boa more closely about her neck as she ran down the front steps.

The boa was not a new one this year, so it was not a flat stole, but a long, snaky affair, with all the serpentine sinuousness of a live boa-constrictor. And in the aforesaid blustering wind the ends of the boa writhed and curved through the air like real snakes round a snake-charmer.

Indeed, so very blustering was the aforesaid wind that Alice scurried along with her head held down—in the mistaken notion which women have that this posture will keep them warmer—and so she wandered away from the road she meant to take, and soon found herself in an unfamiliar part of the city.

She paused to inquire of a young girl who was passing, where she might be, and how she might return to her intended path.

But the stranger paid no heed to Alice's questions, for she was gazing with glittering eyes at the boa, which still twisted and writhed in the blustering wind. She seemed fascinated with it, and stroked its undulating curves as it wreathed toward her, and fairly clutched at it as it blew away from her grasp.

"Who are you?" said Alice, "and why do you act like that? Do you want my boa?"

"Is it a boa?" asked the girl. "A boa-constrictor? A snake?"

"Who are you?" asked Alice again, almost frightened now by the snaky glitter in the girl's eye, and the soft sibilant hiss of her voice.

"I am Elsie Venner," she replied, cordially enough, "and I am going to a meeting of the Snake Club. Perhaps, as you seem fond of boas, you would like to go with me."

"Indeed I should," cried Alice, who was always ready for an adventure of any kind, and who, moreover, was much interested in meeting Elsie Venner.

"It isn't far," said Elsie, as they walked along together in the blustering wind, "but I'd be glad if you'd let me wind one or two ends of your boa round my neck."

Alice agreed, and after a walk of a few blocks they reached a small building that looked like the home of a



"It isn't far," said Elsie.

secret society, such as they have in colleges. And so it proved, for on entering, Alice discovered there were no windows, and no mode of egress save the one door at which they had come in.

A number of people were moving about, and in the centre of the room was a large copy in marble of the Laocoon.

"Great, isn't it?" said Elsie to Alice, writhing about as she spoke; "but come with me, I want to introduce you to our President."

The President of the Snake Club proved to be none other than Eve.

Although the oldest member of the Club, she was the most beautiful woman Alice had ever seen, and seemed the incarnation of youth and grace.

"How do you do, my dear?" said Eve, who was eating an apple while she talked. "What a beautiful boa! I never saw one like that before. Indeed, it is most unusual for a serpent to have such long hair. Look, Cleo, isn't it wonderful?"

Alice was then presented to the Secretary of the Club, Miss Cleopatra Ptolemy, and though not so rarely beautiful as Eve, Cleopatra had a wonderful charm, which enthralled Alice at once. The Egyptian, too, had the advantage of Eve, in being magnificently attired, and wore jewels

enough for an opera night.

"By the shade of Marc Antony!" she exclaimed, "what a boa! Here, child, take my tiara, and give me your tippet."

"Don't you do it," whispered Elsie Venner; "she'd put Eve out and be President if you did, and we'd have an awful row."

"Are there only women in the Club?" asked Alice, beginning to understand.

"Yes, except that St. George and Perseus are on the advisory board. But they only know about Dragons, which are not really Serpents. There is only one man we fear."

"Who is he?" asked Alice, but Elsie shuddered so at the thought of him, that she couldn't pronounce his name.

Medusa came up next to ask for an introduction, but though she was pleasant, the fact that she had thousands of writhing snakes instead of hair made Alice feel queer.

To be sure the snakes were done up in a classic knot, and waved back from her brow in an immense pompadour, but still they looked untidy.

"How do you like my coiffure?" said Medusa, tossing her head. "I've just blondined my hair, and I think it's



awfully becoming, though sometimes I wish I had had copperheads."

Sure enough the snakes were a pale yellow, which contrasted well with the black aigrette which nodded coquettishly above them.

Then Lamia floated up to Alice, but though she was sweet and graceful, Alice liked Eve the best of all.

She turned to speak to the President again, and found she was just calling the meeting to order.

"Ladies," said Eve, as she rapped on the table with a spray of apple blossoms,

"the business before the meeting is the election of new members. I propose Alice, the young stranger who is with us, as an eligible member of our Snake Club."

Alice was duly seconded, and without more than the usual amount of parliamentary nonsense necessary to a ladies' club, she was unanimously elected.

"You have to stay here all the time, you know," said Elsie casually to her.

"What!" cried Alice, "do you mean *live* here?"

"Certainly; we never go out except once in a hundred years. To-day was my day out, and that's how I chanced to meet you."

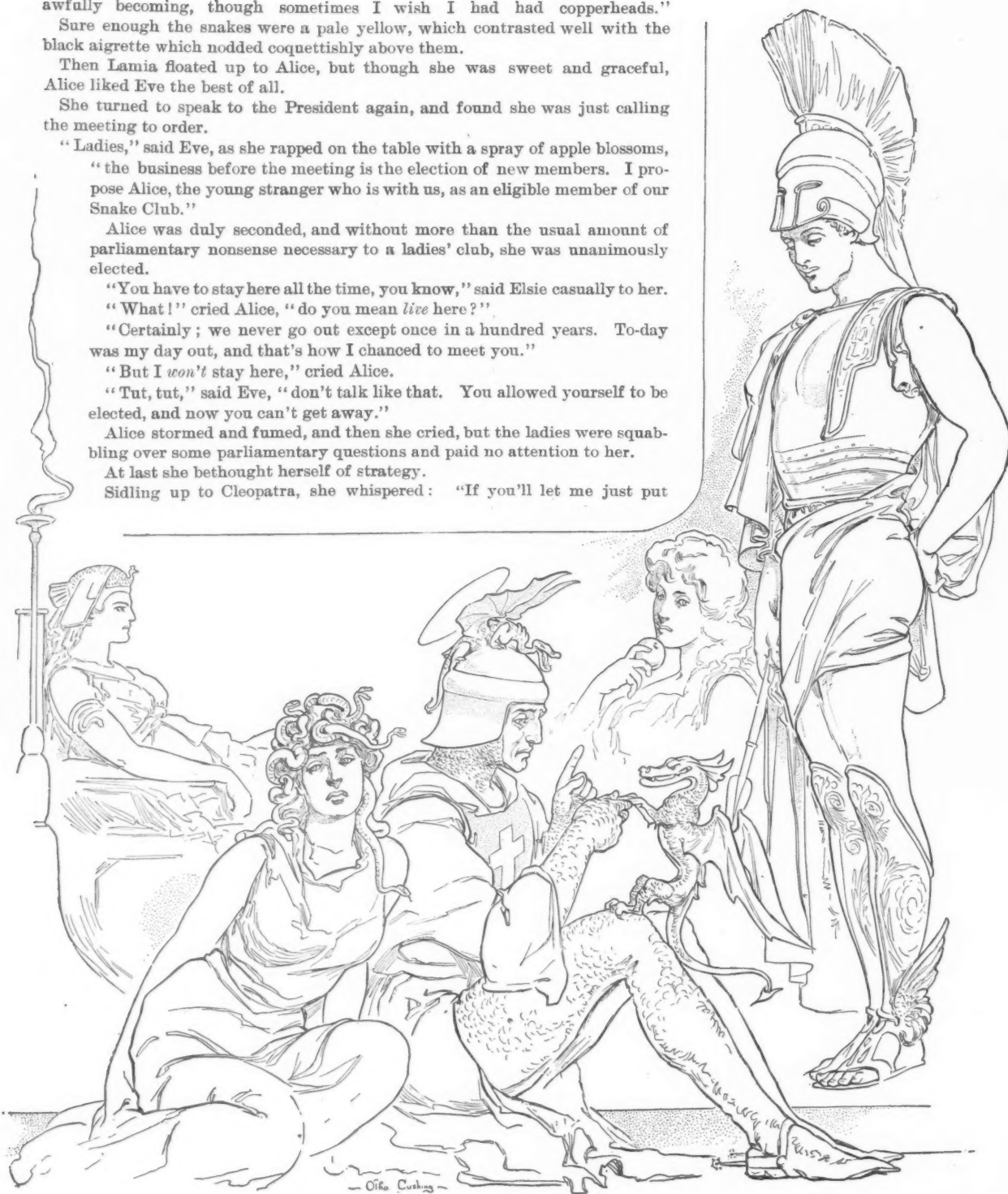
"But I *won't* stay here," cried Alice.

"Tut, tut," said Eve, "don't talk like that. You allowed yourself to be elected, and now you can't get away."

Alice stormed and fumed, and then she cried, but the ladies were squabbling over some parliamentary questions and paid no attention to her.

At last she bethought herself of strategy.

Sidling up to Cleopatra, she whispered: "If you'll let me just put





my head outside the door for a moment, I'll promise not to run away, and—I'll give you my boa."

"I will," said Cleopatra, "if we can get a chance when no one is looking, and if you'll give me the boa first."

Alice agreed, and watching an opportunity they managed to open the door unseen, far enough for Alice to put her head out, while Cleopatra held tightly to her skirts.

"Police!!!" shouted Alice, and a burly blue-coated policeman, who was passing, came bursting in at the door.

Such a panic as ensued !

"It's St. Patrick!" cried Elsie Venner. "*He's* the only man we fear. Run—all run!"

In a trice all the members of the Snake Club had concealed themselves in subterranean hiding places, which the policeman found himself unable to discover.

"Who are they, Miss?" he asked. "Was they hurtin' you?"

"No," said Alice, "it's all right; I only want you to take me away from here, and help me find my way home."

"Yes, Miss," said the policeman, who, though he was not St. Patrick, had been celebrating the memory of the Saint. "Yes, Miss,—yes, Miss."

They soon found their way to Alice's house, but the girl shivered, for the blustering March wind was chill, and she had no boa to wrap round her throat. *Carolyn Wells*

## A Queer Country.

"LAPLAND is a strange and remarkable country," said the eminent explorer. "The customs of the people are so odd, especially during the season of courtship."

"How is that?" we ask.

"At that time, every girl sits upon her own Lapp."



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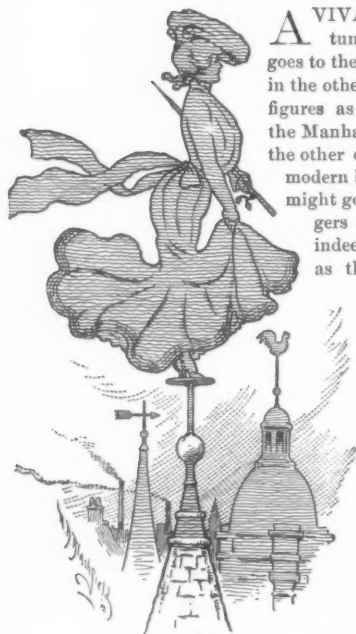
DESPERATE COURSE OF A LOVER  
DANCEE I







### Another Prelate on the Stage.



A VIVACIOUS young widow, whose fortune in case of her second marriage goes to the church, is the disturbing element in the otherwise placid life of the bishop who figures as the real hero of the play now at the Manhattan. He is the real hero because the other characters are conventional, and a modern bishop who can let a fortune which might go to his diocese slip through his fingers and go into secular hands is a hero indeed. The more is this remarkable as this bishop shows himself a most adroit match-maker. His gifts in this line he uses to divert the affections of his ass of a nephew in the direction of a young and colorless girl, and away from the vivacious widow. Between *The Bishop* and *The Duchess* it is a battle royal, with allusions to the ecclesiastical game of chess which gives the play its title, "The Bishop's Move." It is by John Oliver Hobbes, and contains a number of—not too many—clever epigrams which are not forced into the dialogue as is customary with epigrammatic playwrights,

and therefore are twice as effective. The whole thing is quietly satirical in the matter of the Roman Catholic clergy, but Mrs. Craigie has made her satire subtle for obvious business reasons.

"The Bishop's Move" introduces Mr. William H. Thompson as a star. Mr. Thompson would probably long ago have been known in this capacity had he assumed a romantic stage name instead of sturdily and honestly adhering to his own commonplace and easily forgettable one. Stage students remember him long and agreeably as a most conscientious and able artist who has never done anything badly, and many things very well indeed. The present part fits him admirably. His sonorous voice, dignified grace, delightful reading, gentle, almost caressing manner and quiet sense of humor belong absolutely to the man of the world who is also a prelate of the church. Dorothy Dorr's *Duchess* is hardly a competent foil to Mr. Thompson's *Bishop*. She has very little of the requisite French piquancy which should supply the contrast to his impressive qualities. In the last act her deliberation and slowness almost bring ruin to a play which at best is not written in sprightly measure. Mr. Worsley, the *Bishop's* nephew, whose matrimonial doom seems entirely in his uncle's hands, so little character has the youth himself, is not exactly an ideal *jeune premier* either in personality or methods. But the part is a silly one, about as silly as that of the young girl *Barbara*, to which Deronda Mayo brings more intelligence than it deserves.

"THE BISHOP'S MOVE" is far from being either a great or strong play, but it is simple, clean and amusing. After the deluge of musical comedy and unwholesome, unnatural rubbish dumped on the American stage by the Theatrical Syndicate as the sole theatrical diet for which the American public hungers, it is refreshing although not exciting. It would probably—outside of Mr. Thompson's acting—rouse scant interest were there more plays of even ordinary merit to be seen. But the public sits through this little piece with evident attention and enjoyment, an evidence of its sense of relief from the kind of stuff which has been forced upon it.



ANGELS might well fear to tread the path Herr Direktor Conried has rushed in on. This is not meant to imply for an instant that Herr Conried

is a fool, for he is very, very far removed from that. In fact, in everything he has so far undertaken, Herr Conried has shown excellent discrimination and that

he possesses high artistic ideals. But in handling the song-birds of grand opera he will encounter peculiarities in human nature such as he has never before known. The labors of Hercules were bagatelles in comparison with those before him. He has LIFE's sincere wishes for his success. *Hoch der Conried!*

*Metcalfe.*

### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Academy of Music*.—"Florodora." Production not remarkable.  
*Belasco*.—"The Darling of the Gods." Splendidly staged and well acted  
*Japanese tragedy*.  
*Bijou*.—"Marie Cahill in "Nancy Brown." Musical comedy in the light-weight class.  
*Broadway*.—"The Prince of Pilsen." Notice later.  
*Casino*.—"The Chinese Honeymoon." Musical comedy of moderate excellence.  
*Criterion*.—"James T. Powers in "The Jewel of Asia." Musical comedy.  
*Feeble in book and score*.  
*Daly's*.—"The Billionaire." Musical comedy. Will not appeal to persons of taste and refinement.  
*Garden*.—"Hamlet." Last week of Mr. Sothorn.  
*Garrick*.—"Mice and Men." A pleasant little play well acted.  
*Herald Square*.—"Last week of "Mr. Pickwick." Musical comedy, suggested by Dickens's story. Diverting.  
*Knickerbocker*.—"Mr. Bluebeard." Musical comedy. Gorgeously staged but stupid performance.  
*Manhattan*.—"The Bishop's Move," with W. H. Thompson as *The Bishop*. See above.  
*Princess*.—"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." Fairly amusing play of up-to-date society by Clyde Fitch.  
*Savoy*.—"The Girl with the Green Eyes." Also by Mr. Fitch. Also society. Also amusing.  
*Victoria*.—"Blanche Walsh in "Resurrection." Tolstol's tale of feminine reformation in stage form. Absorbing.  
*Wallack's*.—"The Sultan of Sulu." Musical comedy by George Ade. Funny and tuneful.  
*Weber and Fields's*.—"Burlesque and vaudeville. Not entirely a charitable enterprise for the benefit of the ticket-speculators.

"Truth."

THE "naked truth" goes forth undressed;  
'Tis shockingly bad form.  
The "plain truth" is too plain, you see,  
The smart set to adorn.

"Unvarnished truth" must polish up,  
That through it we may see.  
The "gospel truth" is now a myth  
And not a mystery.  
The "simple truth" is simple quite,  
Has no tone, so society  
Is at a loss for brands of truth  
It may tell with propriety.

*Mollie Bourke (Godfrey.)*

Municipal Mots.

BOSTON is its own reward.  
A Ladysmith in the hand is worth two in  
the Bush.

The wicked flea, whom San Francisco  
pursueth.

Chicago is paved with good inten-  
tions.

An ancient and a fish-like  
Gloucester.

Every Pittsburg has a silver  
lining.

Washington makes strange bed-  
fellows.

All's Philadelphia on the  
Potomac.

New Orleans is a lot-  
tery.

Oh, Brooklyn, where is  
thy sting? Flatbush, where  
is thy victory?

The race is to the New  
York.

*T. M.*

Pensions.

IF, as they say, Congress  
passed no fewer than  
fifteen hundred special pen-  
sion bills during the last  
session, a broadening of the  
general pension law would  
certainly seem to be called for.

Of course, Congress ought  
not to be spending its time  
with a multitude of special  
acts, when one general act will  
achieve the same end.

A general law giving everybody a pension  
who wants one, and is willing to vote the  
Republican ticket, would virtually do away  
with this special pension business.

CLERK: There is a woman out-  
side who says you have robbed  
her of all she had.

TRUST PRESIDENT: I wonder which  
one it is.



"OH, COME, CARL! YOU KNOW WE  
MUST MAKE THESE CALLS."  
"CAN'T DO IT, CLARA. HAVE TO WORK."  
"HEAVENS! DON'T YOU CALL *that* WORK?"

A Word to Visitors.

STRANGERS sojourning in New  
York should avoid all forms of  
illness in the streets. Anything in the  
way of fits, nausea, dizziness, or loss of  
consciousness from whatever cause is

regarded by ambulance surgeons—or  
thugs—as inexcusable drunkenness,  
and treated accordingly.

More than one good citizen has lost  
his life from this little peculiarity of  
ours.





### No Stop-Over.

A BRAND-NEW baby and its smother once got on a train which was bound through to Ruddyville. Before the train got to its first stop, a man came through, and said:

"Dear lady, the next station is the Peptonized, Concentrated, Infants' Essence of Life Station. If you want that baby of yours to thrive, you'd better get off here." And he handed her a circular.

The lady smiled and thanked him, but shook her head.

The train stopped and passed on, but before it slowed up again, another man came through, and said:

"Madam, you'd better get off at the next place with your charge. We are coming to the Modified, Peptogenized, Sterilized Laboratory Station, and unless you get off here, I won't answer for that child's life."

The lady thanked him politely, but kept her seat.

By and by the train, which had passed this celebrated

station, slowed up again, and another man came up.

"You must surely get off here," he said. "This is the Pasteurized, Constituent, Separated, Plasmonated, Stuffing Baby Feeding Station, Patented. This is the right place." And he showed her a sample photograph of a patient three months old and weighing at least three hundred pounds.

But the lady was obdurate, and kept her seat.

Finally, the train, after passing by a hundred or more other stations each labeled with startling letters, came to the end of its destination, Ruddyville.

When the mayor of the place, who happened to be at the station, saw the mother and child alight, he came forward and said:

"My dear madam, how in the world did you succeed in getting that baby through without stopping off anywhere on the route?"

"Easy enough," said the mother. "Don't you see that I came on a good, old-fashioned milk train?" *Tom Masson.*

### Ad Infinitum.

(Dr. Dempwolff, of Berlin, announces that he has found an aquatic insect which preys upon the anopheles mosquito. He is cultivating the creature artificially, with the expectation of destroying the mosquito and the host of germs which inhabit its body.)

THEY'VE found the bug

That eats the bug

That fights the bug

That bites us;

They've traced the germ

That kills the germ

That chews the germ

That smites us.

They know the bug

That knifes the bug

That stabs the bug

That jabs us;

They've seen the germ

That hates the germ

That biffs the germ

That nabs us.

They've chained the bug

That bolts the bug

That jolts the bug

That bings us;

They've got the germ

That gulps the germ

That nips the germ

That stings us.

They hold the bug

That scolds the bug

That told the bug

To pinch us;

They chase the germ

That helps the germ

That cheers the germ

To clinch us.

They've struck the bug

That slays the bug

That flays the bug

That sticks us;

They've jailed the germ

That guides the germ

That taught the germ

To fix us.

But still these bugs—

Microbic thugs—

In spite of drugs

Combat us;

And still these germs—

Described in terms

Inspiring squirms—

Get at us! *W. D. Nesbit.*



"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN, LITTLE GIRL?"

"SAY, DON'T YOOS KNOW A BOY WHEN YOU SEE IT?"



BEHOLD her here, a vision  
Of idleness supreme;  
And see with what precision  
The pencil traced the dream:  
Her throat, a bower of blisses;  
Her lips, a lure for kisses;  
Her eyes, the blue abysses  
Wherein the love-lights gleam.

#### A Day-Dream.

What tender fancies waken  
Behind that forehead white,  
Above whose dawn are shaken  
Her tresses spun of night!  
And in those twin stars under,  
Kindled with love and wonder,  
What wealth there is to plunder,—  
What measureless delight!

She is a matchless May-dream,  
A graceful, girlish thing  
Lost in the first, sweet day-dream  
Of love and song and Spring:  
Shapely and fair as Juno,  
Not more than one or two know  
Her name; but, Sweetheart, *you* know  
It is of You I sing! F. D. S.



MASCAGNI'S ODE TO AMERICA.

(From the Unpublished Writings to P—t—o M—s—gn—.)

O wondrous land of coin and fame!  
The future shall revere thy name,  
And in my heart shall linger warm  
The country where attachments form—  
Attachments that are great and strong,  
Unchangeable as any rock,  
Which hold us through the ages long,  
Unless we skip by 12 o'clock!  
O wondrous land! I pull the stops  
And play a fanfare to thy cops!

(Bass drum agitato. Tenor drum furioso. Trombone fortissimo.)

O wondrous land! So rich, so fair;  
Appreciative of long hair;  
Imbued with culture; music tossed—  
Intent on art at any cost!  
I praise thy men and maidens, too;  
I praise the cheer that loudly comes—  
Although a shiver rends me through  
At thought of demon-laden bombs!  
O splendid land! Abode of peace!  
I tune my lyre to thy police!

(Bassoon gracioso. Fugel horns crescendo. Xylophone pizzicato.)

O land where the injunction grows!  
Where law and art in conflict close!  
I lift my feeble voice to thee  
Each time the ticket booth I see.  
O wondrous land! I'll ever prize  
The tokens thou hast given me—  
Thou taught'st me how to advertise,  
And how to gain publicity.  
O wondrous land! It is enough  
For me to say: "You are the stuff!"

(Cash register appassionata. Steamship accelerando.)  
—Chicago Tribune.

"Now," said Mrs. Biggleson's cousin at breakfast on the morning after her arrival, "don't make company of me. I want to be treated just as if I were one of the family."

"All right," replied Mr. Biggleson, helping himself to the tender part of the steak, "we'll try to make you feel right at home."—Chicago Record-Herald.

MR. GOTHAM: So you are going to settle in the United States?

NEW ARRIVAL (from South America): Yes, sir;

they've got to drawing things a little too fine in South America to suit me. Why, sir, it's got so now that a man can't even get a job at overthrowing a government unless he belongs to the Revolutionists' Union and has paid his fees regularly for six months!—New York Weekly.

AN Episcopal clergyman of Cincinnati was being shaved by a barber who was addicted to occasional speers. The razor manipulator cut the parson's face quite considerably.

"You see, Jackson, that comes from taking too much drink," said the man of God.

"Yes, sah," replied Jackson; "It makes de skin very tendah, sah. It do for a fack."—Sahby's Magazine.

"Now, my lads," said the first officer, looking over the bridge to the vociferous crew, who were getting up ashes, "can't you get that work done without using so many adjectives?"

There was silence for a moment or two, and then one of the men spoke to his mate: "What the —, —, —, h-l does the — mean by hajec-tives?"—Sporting Times.

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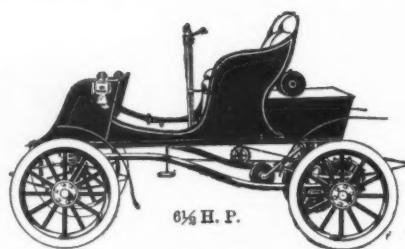
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THE MAID: Shall I dust the bric-a-brac, mum?

THE MISTRESS: Not to-day, Nora. I don't think we can afford it.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

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PRETTY DAUGHTER: Because they make my hair curl, mamma.—*Chicago Daily News*.

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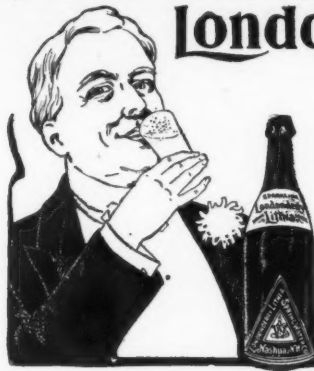
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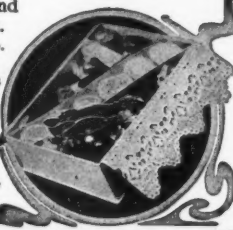
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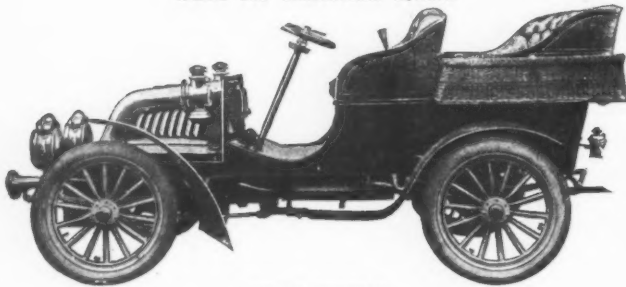
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